Columbine

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/62983309.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Multi
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationships:	Helga Hufflepuff/Rowena Ravenclaw, Sirius Black/James Potter/Lily Evans Potter, Hermione Granger & Harry Potter & Ron Weasley, Luna Lovegood & Draco Malfoy
Characters:	Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, Helena Ravenclaw | The Grey Lady, The Bloody Baron (Harry Potter), Newt Scamander, Tom Riddle | Voldemort, Horace Slughorn, Sirius Black, James Potter, Lily Evans Potter, Kreacher (Harry Potter), Hermione Granger, Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Narcissa Black Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, Luna Lovegood
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Angst, War, Love, Canon Related, Timeskips, Language of Flowers, Microfic, Discord: HP Rare Pairs, Discord: HP Saffics, Femslash February 2025
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Mad for Microfics: 50-Word Stories
Collections:	Flower Fest, HP Saffics Femslash February 2025
Stats:	Published: 2025-02-19 Words: 500 Chapters: 10/10

Columbine

by lumosdrabbles (lumosatnight)

Summary

A flower is just a flower.

(A series of related microfics following 1 flower and its 10 owners)

Notes

Written for the Flower Fest flash comp run by the HP Rare Pairs server for the prompt **Columbine - Wisdom**. Also written for Femslash February 2025 hosted by the HP Saffics server for the prompt **Day 13 - flower picking**.

See the end of the work for more notes

Wisdom

Indigo veins, violet claws.

Helga plucks the feathers with nimble fingers, carries the fluttering wings across the sleeping grounds to her lover.

Rowena laughs. *"Aquilegia* — ravens. How fitting."

Helga tucks it gently behind her ear. "For the smartest person I know."

The bed is warm, and the day is new.

Endurance

Helena runs, her mother’s crown heavy upon her head, her mother’s jewels jostling against her breast.

“Stop!” cries he — he who follows, he who preys upon love like a bird pecks at its food, sharp and biting.

Helena runs. She hides the crown. She discards the jewels.

She runs faster.

Spring

Newt collects things — animals, plants, curiosities.

One curiosity never fades, never tarnishes, still full of life even after winter, after war.

It stays within his suitcase until one day it passes hands, into a shop, onto a shelf. Until a young clerk picks it up and doesn’t set it down.

Support

Tom escapes the room, requirement fulfilled, and walks the familiar path to the dungeons.

“Tom, my boy, it’s good to see you,” his old professor heartily greets.

Tom offers a wrinkled parcel from within his cloak, Slughorn’s eyes going dark with greed.

“A gift,” Tom says, “for my favourite professor.”

Courage

Sirius holds his heart close as he sneaks out of Slughorn's office. He plans to give it away tonight — to his best friend.

He sees them first. James, head bent low. Lily, laughing, in love.

James looks up, beckons him closer. "Join us."

Sirius lingers, uncertain, heart on his sleeve.

Faith

A house of memories left to rot.

Kreacher wipes away the dust, picks at the decay. Room to room. Mistress, Master, Regulus, Sirius. He never takes anything. He wouldn't dare.

A thief would. Dare to plunder, defile, barter, trade.

But memories have a way of coming back, of coming home.

Fortitude

“The locket?” Ron huffs, sprinting through the Ministry atrium.

“Got it.” Harry follows close behind.

“Hurry up!” Hermione calls.

“What’s that?” asks Ron.

Hermione stuffs something into her bag.

“Collateral,” she replies grimly. “The toad will hardly miss it.”

“If you say so.” Ron shrugs before disappearing into the Floo.

Resolve

The dungeons are empty, finally. All that remains is scraps.

Pieces of Luna, Ollivander, Ron, Hermione, Harry — snatches of magic, traces of fear, hope, determination. Broken shards with sharp edges.

Narcissa gathers the pieces, folds them into a box, secretly slips them into Draco's trunk where they will be safe.

Penance

The sun rises, purpling the horizon. Draco looks away.

He is lucky to be alive, but he doesn’t feel lucky.

Luna stands at the forest edge in the shadow of a tree. Her face is bloody, her knuckles white.

Draco drops to his knees, leaving his apology at her feet.

Foolishness

They plant it in an empty clearing.

“Shouldn’t you keep it?” asks Draco. “Preserve it? It’s been around for centuries. Maybe it has valuable properties, special meanings.”

Luna smiles. “You’re so silly. A flower is just a flower. We need to let it grow.”

Nearby, a hummingbird beats its wings.

End Notes

Here is a purple columbine flower for reference.

Thanks for reading <3 Come say hi on Tumblr @lumosatnight !

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!